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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

SEPTEMBER 1924

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Bead Bracelet

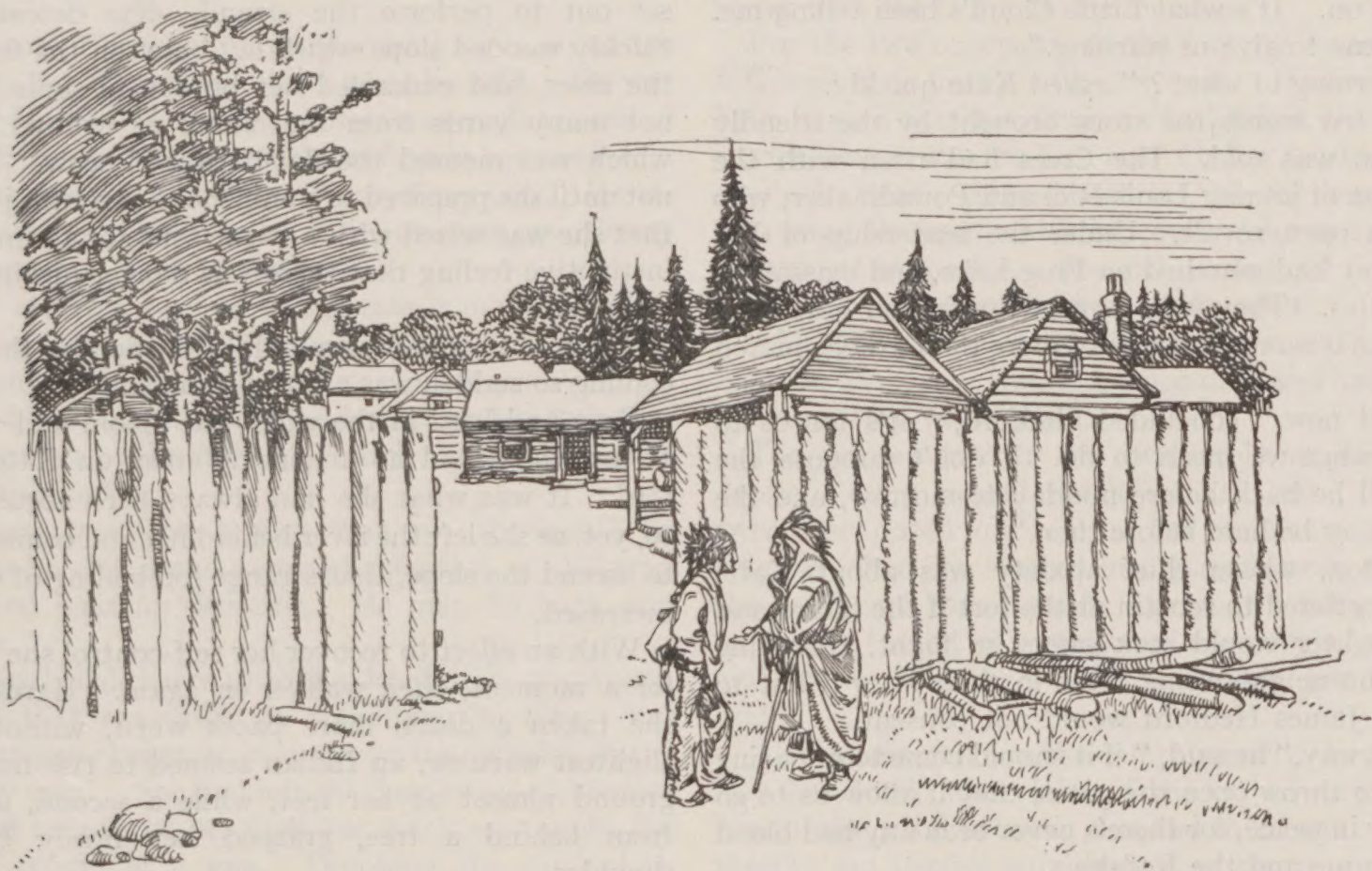
DESPITE its name, no blare of bugles or thunder of cannon ever disturbed the quiet of Fort Rae. It was but a small and lonely trading station of the Hudson Bay Company, and during the early spring of the year 1885 nothing had occurred to break the usual monotony save the occasional visits of stray Indians who came to sell pelts. The fort itself was a square enclosure, surrounded by a palisade about ten feet high; within this stockade were the wooden

said the factor, "that I don't put no faith in these rumours. I've always been on friendly terms with the Crees, and with Big Bear himself, for that matter.

He paused for a moment, munching away at his food.

"Anyway," he continued jokingly, "we've got Kate to defend us. She can handle a Winchester as well as the best of you; and it was a Redskin as taught her."

The girl laughed. She had no fear of the Indians, by whom she had always been treated with kindness since childhood. She had learnt their language, and



buildings which provided accommodation for the factor and his assistants, a store for the furs and peltries, and another in which were kept the goods for trading with the Indians.

Seated at their midday meal were James Hedford, the grizzled veteran in charge of the post, his daughter Kate, and a young assistant named Moreton. The trio were just then the only occupants of the fort.

"It's Riel who's upsetting them," growled Moreton. "No police; plenty whisky. That's the promise he's been sending round."

"There's so often been talk of an Indian rising,"

one particular friend, Grey Owl, who at one time had often visited the fort, had given her instructions in the hunter's craft.

"I remember I cried when I killed my first deer," she said, smiling, "which very much astonished the stoical Grey Owl, who had been showing me the track. However, I won back his good opinion by dressing the skin according to his instructions. I made a fine pair of moccasins."

"If your mother had lived she'd have blamed me for letting you run wild," murmured Hedford. "Here you are, eighteen last birthday——"

He stopped short as, glancing through the window, he saw the figure of a solitary Indian who had entered the open gate of the fort, and was advancing slowly towards the dwelling-house.

"Looks like Little Cloud," murmured the factor. "What's he come for, I wonder?"

The speaker rose and went out to meet the visitor. For some time they stood in earnest conversation, the Indian, by his gestures, betraying an excitement not usual to his stolid race.

When at length James Hedford returned to his dwelling, the expression of his face showed at once that something serious had occurred.

"What's the matter, father?" inquired the girl.

For a few seconds the man seemed unwilling to reply.

"You'd better step outside, Moreton," he began.

"But no—it's just as well Kate should be told now as later on. It's what Little Cloud's been telling me. He's come to give us warning."

"Warning of what?" asked Kate quickly.

In a few words the story brought by the friendly red man was told. The Crees had risen with the intention of joining Louis Riel and Poundmaker, who were in open revolt. Under the leadership of Big Bear they had marched on Frog Lake, and massacred the whites. They were now advancing on Fort Rae, and at that moment were not more than a day's march distant.

"And now," concluded Hedford, "it's for us to decide what we mean to do. I don't suppose the lads will be back before midday to-morrow, and the bands may be here before then."

Moreton, whose chief anxiety was about Kate, bravely offered to remain at the fort if the factor and his daughter would seek safety in flight, travelling down the neighbouring river in their scow; but to do this James Hedford would not consent.

"Anyway," he said, "if it should come to my being forced to throw open the gates, they'll allow us to go our way in peace, for there's never been any bad blood between me and the Redskins."

"According to Little Cloud they're a day's march off, so we ain't likely to see anything of them before to-morrow," said Moreton. "I've a good mind to ride out scouting, and see if I can't find out where they are and if it's true they're coming this way."

It seemed a good suggestion, as the speaker was an experienced woodsman and quite capable of carrying out his self-imposed task. He saddled his horse, slung a rifle over his shoulder, and, with a wave of his hand, departed on his errand, the factor and his daughter watching him till he was out of sight.

"If they come I don't mean to let 'em walk in,

so to speak, without knocking," muttered Hedford. "There's one of the bolts of these gates wants strengthening, and I'll see about it now."

He moved towards the store, then paused, and, after a moment's thought, came back.

"Look here, Kate," he began, "I've known Big Bear for years, and up till now he's always been friendly to the whites. He won't allow us to come to any harm; but whether I can save the place from being looted is another question. It's the guns they'll want most, and it's doubtful if they'd allow us to take one away with us. Now, I'll give you a rifle and a bag of ammunition, and, while I'm seeing to this gate, you can carry them down to the river. Hide them in the bushes close to where the scow is moored. Then, if it comes to our having to go off in the boat, we can take them with us."

The girl saw the wisdom of this proposal, and readily set out to perform the errand. She descended a thickly wooded slope which lay between the fort and the river, and concealed her burden in some bushes not many yards from the clump of willows beside which was moored the flat-bottomed scow. It was not until she prepared to commence her return journey that she was seized with a vague sense of alarm, some instinctive feeling that there was danger lurking near at hand.

"Stupid!" she murmured. "I suppose the news coming so sudden was a bit of a shock."

Born and bred in the wilds, the gloom and silence of the woods had no unnerving effect on Kate Hedford. It was what she had always been accustomed to, yet, as she left the river behind her and commenced to ascend the slope, that strange foreboding of danger increased.

With an effort to recover her self-control she halted for a moment, then walked on again. Hardly had she taken a dozen more paces when, without the slightest warning, an Indian seemed to rise from the ground almost at her feet, while a second, darting from behind a tree, grasped her firmly by the shoulder.

Overcome for the moment by the shock of this surprise, Kate gave vent to a stifled cry of terror, then suddenly all her native courage reasserted itself. She drew herself up, and faced her captors with a look of defiance. At first, in his hideous war paint, she failed to recognize the man whose hand was on her shoulder, then she knew him, and uttered a sigh of relief.

"Grey Owl!" she ejaculated.

The Indian's reply was merely a guttural grunt—"Huh!"

"Why does my red brother spring upon me as he might upon an enemy?" demanded Kate. "Do the

warriors of his people make war on defenceless girls?"

"Listen, daughter of the Palefaces," began the brave. "With me you are safe, but not for long. Since she was but a small papoose has Grey Owl been the friend of the white girl. She will believe what he says. Do not return to the fort; soon it will be surrounded. Go back quickly to your scow, and escape down the river."

"But Big Bear has always been our friend. He will not allow us to be ill-treated."

"Big Bear cannot control the younger men. They will kill, plunder, burn, as they did at Frog Lake."

"I will tell my father," said Kate.

"There is no time; the bands are close at hand. If the white girl would save herself, let her turn back at once and take the boat. Hurry down to the white man's settlement at Powder Creek. There she will be safe."

The second Indian muttered something in his native tongue, but Kate understood what he said. He was urging her to make haste. There was evident need of a quick decision, but the girl was firm in her resolve.

"I thank you for your warning, Grey Owl. Whatever happens, I shall know that you were my friend; but I must go back to the fort."

The Redskin seemed to hesitate a moment, then, with a grunt and shrug of his shoulders, he stepped back and allowed the girl to pass on her way. She reached the fort in safety, and meeting her father at the entrance to the stockade, hurriedly told him what had happened.

"They must be nearer than we thought," he said, as he closed and fastened the gates. "I'll stay here and wait for Moreton. He may be back any minute."

The girl made her way to the dwelling-house, where, feeling that she must do something to divert her thoughts, she began to clear away the remains of the midday meal. She had left the door open, and before she had completed her task her quick ear caught the far-off report of a gun. Dropping the table-cloth she had been folding, Kate hurried out to her father.

"What was that?" she inquired. "It sounded like a shot."

"I'm afraid it means that Moreton's in trouble," was the reply. "He's been cut off and can't get back."

For a time there was no sign of the enemy; but, after what seemed an age of suspense, James Hedford's quick eye saw, far away, what he instantly recognized as the glint of a rifle barrel caught by a ray of the sun. Ten minutes later a large force of Indians appeared on the summit of some rising ground

a quarter of a mile distant. It seemed almost as if they intended an immediate attack; but they halted, being in ignorance of the fact that the garrison consisted only of one white man and a girl. Presently a small party of head men left the main body and approached the stockade. Hedford mounted a ladder and spoke to them over the top of the palisade.

"Why should my red brothers come to visit me in their war paint, and with weapons in their hands?" he inquired.

Of the parley which followed a brief account will suffice. The head men demanded the surrender of the fort. Hedford refused to open the gates until he had had an interview with Big Bear. It was impossible to read the thoughts of the Indians in their stern, impassive faces. At length they withdrew, with a vague promise that they would endeavour to persuade their chief to come down to the palisade and speak with the factor in the morning.

For the two occupants of the fort the hours which followed were heavy with suspense. Hedford could have wished that his daughter had taken Grey Owl's advice, but it was too late now for her to attempt to reach the boat. Armed with his rifle, he kept watch at a loophole from which he could observe any fresh movement of the foe. The girl carried out food, and they took their evening meal in the open.

"You'd better go and lie down, Kate, and get what rest you can," said Hedford, when darkness had fallen. "I must stay where I am."

The girl returned to the dwelling-house and, fully dressed, flung herself down on her bed. Once or twice she dozed off into a few moments of fitful slumber, then she started into wakefulness, thinking she had heard some sound. At length, being unable to endure this fit of restlessness any longer, she rose and went out, determined to share her father's vigil.

"All seems quiet in the camp yonder," he told her in a low tone, "but I heard the cry of an owl just now in the wood between this and the river. I fancy they've got parties out keeping watch to prevent us trying to escape."

"I wonder what time it is?" whispered the girl. "It must be past midnight."

Instead of replying, her father made a warning gesture with his hand. For some seconds he stood listening. "I thought I heard a sort of scratching over there on the outside of the palisade. It may be one of the rascals come to find the easiest place for them to get over if they make an attack."

Grasping his rifle, Hedford stole across the enclosure, his daughter following with noiseless steps. When within a few yards of the stockade they halted.

Suddenly a small object, as if falling from the sky, dropped almost at their feet.

"What's that?" ejaculated the factor below his breath.

Kate stooped and picked up what lay on the ground. In an instant she recognized what it was. With a strip of that first deerskin she had been taught to dress, and a quantity of blue beads, she had made an armlet and given it to the Indian who had been her instructor.

"This belongs to Grey Owl," she whispered eagerly. "He wishes to speak to us secretly. He threw this over to show who he was. If he'd called to us he might have been heard."

"And if he'd tried to climb the stockade I should have fired," muttered Hedford.

The girl's quick understanding of the silent token proved correct. A moment later her father and the Redskin were holding a whispered conversation through an aperture in the palisade.

"The Palefaces have not a moment to lose," was Grey Owl's warning. "Even now the warriors are assembling to attack the fort. Let my white brother and his daughter come with me. I will guide them in safety to their boat."

James Hedford realized the danger and the utter hopelessness of attempting to defend the fort against a horde of savages, by whom no mercy would be given. Noiselessly he brought the ladder to where the friendly Indian was waiting. Kate mounted to the top of the stockade and dropped lightly on the other side. An instant later she was joined by her father.

Careful of every step they took, lest the snapping of a twig should betray them, the two fugitives followed their guide, who was able to avoid the spot where he knew the enemy's sentinels had been posted. In silence they unfastened the chain which moored the scow; then, as she stepped into the boat, Kate became aware of the fact that the bead bracelet still remained clutched tightly in her left hand.

"Take this back," she said to the Indian. "May it ever be to Grey Owl a token of the gratitude of his white friends."

Under the shadow of the river banks the scow passed quickly down the stream, but before its occupants had travelled half a mile the silence of the night was broken by distant yells and the discharge of firearms.

"They'll be too busy plundering the store to care what's become of us till we're safely out of their reach," said Hedford. "But it's well you guessed the meaning of that bracelet, Kate. The warning came only just in time."

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Two Birds

COCK ROBIN left his mate sitting on the nest, and flew off to look at the world.

He flew over three fields and a river, and came at last to a large house. The window of one of the rooms was open; so he hopped upon the window-sill, and then flew in.

He perched on the back of a chair, and all at once he saw another robin perched on the back of another chair. It was looking at him as if to say, "Who are you?"

"Good-morning," he chirped; "pleased to see you." But the other robin did not answer.

"Very rude," said Cock Robin to himself.

Then he saw some cherries on a plate. He helped himself to one of them, and flew back with it in his bill to his perch on the chair.

The other bird was on the other chair, and it also had a cherry in its bill.

Cock Robin ate his cherry, and so did the other bird. "That was nice, was it not?" said Cock Robin; but there was no reply.

"Stupid thing!" said Cock Robin, as he looked about to see more of the world.

All at once a little girl came into the room. "Oh, the dear Robin!" she cried, clapping her hands. But Cock Robin flew through the open window in a great fright.

"Where have you been?" asked his mate when he alighted on the edge of the nest.

"I have been seeing the world, my dear," he said. "It is a very queer place indeed."

Then he told his wife all about the other bird and the cherries and the little girl.

"Was the other bird very handsome, my dear?" asked his wife.

"Oh no," he said. "He was very common and plain, not at all handsome, and he was as deaf as a post and as dumb as a stone."



SMILES

*"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"*



AN Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman were arguing as to who had the lightest men.

Irishman. "We have men of Cork."

Scotsman. "We have men of Ayr."

Englishman. "We have lighter-men on the Thames."

Sent in by WINNIE RUEWELL,
Barnsole Road Girls' Council School, Gillingham, Kent,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

✦ ✦ ✦

JOHNNIE was reading aloud to his class when he came to a word he did not know.

"Barque," prompted the teacher.

Johnnie looked confused.

"Barque, Johnnie," the teacher repeated impatiently.

Johnnie glanced nervously at his classmates and then cried out "Bow-wow!"

Sent in by ARNOLD P. AUSTIN,
"Woodcroft," Fernleigh Road, Grange-over-Sands.

✦ ✦ ✦

ADVERTISEMENTS:—

Bulldog for sale. Will eat anything; very fond of children.

Boy wanted to be partly outside and partly behind counter.

Sale now on. Don't go anywhere else to be cheated; come to Dickin's.

Lost near Marble Arch, Umbrella belonging to gentleman with bent rib and bone handle. Apply, etc.

Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up coats, gowns, etc., for customers out of their own skins.

To let, bed-sitting room for gent 22 feet long and 11 feet wide.

Sent in by MABEL STANWORTH,
13 Wellington Road, Donnington, near Newport, Salop.

✦ ✦ ✦

LITTLE Sam, while taking tea with a neighbour, was given a piece of bread and butter. He said "Thank you," very politely.

"That's right, Sammy," said the hostess. "I like to hear little boys say 'Thank you.'"

"Well," said Sammy, "if you'd like to hear me say it again you can put some jam on it."

Sent in by ERIC WINTER,
The Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

A MAN at a cricket match was very disgusted with the players, and turning to the man beside him said, "Fancy putting on a rotten bowler like that!"

"Well," returned the man angrily, "it's better than your old straw any day!"

Sent in by JACK DOUTHWAITE,
No. 7 Hut, Hurstwood, near Burnley, Lancs.

✦ ✦ ✦

"NORAH," said the mistress, "are these French sardines you have given me?"

"Shure, Oi don't know, ma'am," replied the new cook; "they were past spakin' when I opened the box."

Sent in by CHARLES SCOTCHER,
Southfield School, Southfields, S.W.18.

✦ ✦ ✦

THE teacher was giving the class a lecture on "gravity."

"Now, children," she said, "it is the law of gravity that keeps us on this earth."

"But please, teacher," inquired one small child, "how did we stick on before the law was passed?"

✦ ✦ ✦

Teacher. "Now, Jack, how many ribs have you?"

Jack. "I don't know, miss. I'm so ticklish I can never count 'em."

Sent in by KATHLEEN RICHARDSON,
28 Brookwood Road, Southfields, S.W.18.

✦ ✦ ✦

THERE was an Irish girl who applied for a position in England.

"So you are just from Ireland, are you?" asked her prospective employer. "Were you trained across the water?"

"Sure, I was not, indeed," replied the girl. "I was shipped across, of course."

✦ ✦ ✦

THERE was a very proud suburbanite who one day opened his front door and beheld a complete stranger.

"What do you want?" he asked pompously.

"I have come to tune your piano," was the reply.

"But I never asked you to come."

"No," said the visitor, "but the neighbours did."

Sent in by MURIEL SYKES,
Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

✦ ✦ ✦

A LITTLE girl was at her first grown-up dinner-party, and being wedged in a corner of the table she was quite overlooked.

She suffered in silence for some time, until at last, during a lull in the conversation, a pathetic little voice piped up, "Does any one want a clean plate?"

Sent in by WILLIAM S. CRAIG,
Tobergill, Templepatrick, Co. Antrim.

Have You a Garden ?

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND, F.R.H.S.

IN this, the last of our gardening talks, I want to tell you a little about growing bulbs, so as to have flowers from Christmas until May.

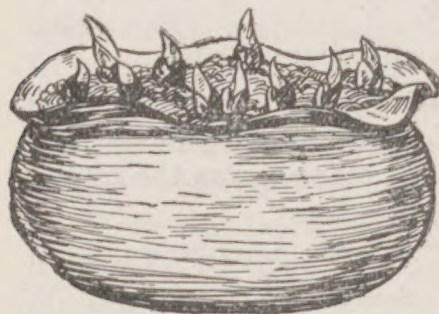
For pots, not only is the Hyacinth the easiest of all bulbs to grow, but it also remains a long time in flower. Other good bulbs for pots are Tulips, Narcissus, Daffodil, and Crocus.

You will remember that in the April number, I advised you never to buy *cheap* seeds, unless the firm from whom you were buying them was very reliable. The same thing applies to bulbs. Shops often sell cheap lots of bulbs; but when flowering time comes along, it is a great disappointment to find that only leaves are to be seen; so make a point of asking for "flowering size." They are a little more expensive, it is true, but what is the use of a bulb that doesn't flower?

Having bought your bulbs as early as possible, decide whether you wish to grow them in bulb bowls or in ordinary flower-pots. If in china bowls get some bulb fibre, making sure that you get a mixture of cocoanut fibre, shell, and charcoal (the latter keeps the fibre pure).

Moisten the fibre sufficiently, so that when thoroughly mixed the moist fibre will just cling together in your hand, but will separate as soon as dropped.

Place a layer in the bulb bowl, and arrange your bulbs. Uneven numbers 1, 3, 5, etc., look prettier than even numbers. Then more of the damp fibre must be placed on the bulbs, but not enough to cover them entirely. Put in a dark place for 6-8 weeks so that they make really strong roots (for without good roots you cannot hope to get good flowers), when the shoots will probably be about a inch high.



BOWL OF BULBS IN FIBRE,

well rooted and beginning to grow. They are ready to be brought into a warmer atmosphere.

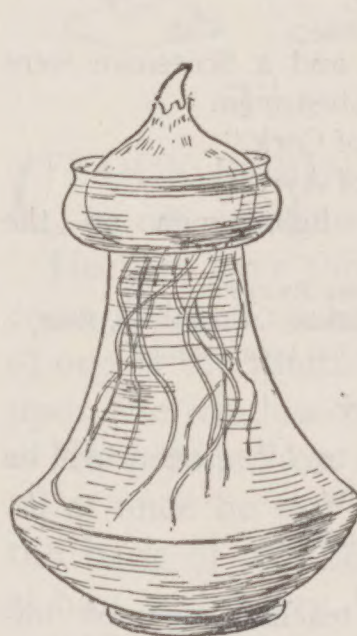


HOW TO ARRANGE BULBS in fibre or soil in an ordinary flower-pot.

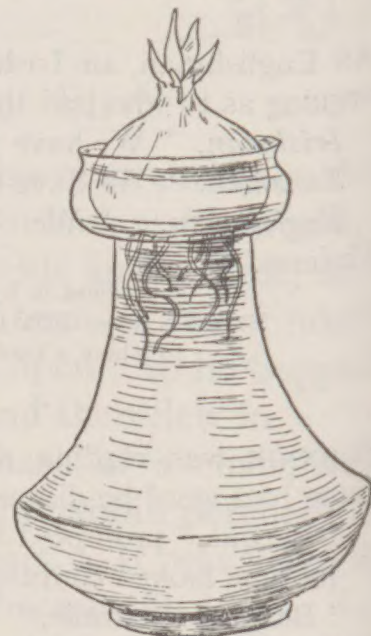
A good "dark" place out of doors is better than a cupboard, as the conditions are more natural. By covering the bowls with a 3-4 inch layer of leaves or ashes you will get the necessary darkness. If, however, you use a cupboard, feel the fibre from time to time, to

see whether it is becoming too dry; for throughout the whole of the bulb's life you must watch carefully to see that the fibre or soil never becomes too dry nor too overwatered, for in either case no flowers will result.

A cheaper method is to grow them in ordinary red



Well rooted.



Few roots, because brought out of the dark too soon.

HYACINTHS IN GLASSES.

flower-pots. Cover the drainage hole with several pieces of "crock" (broken flower-pot), then a layer of soil with sand mixed with it. The soil must be moistened in the same way as the fibre, and the bulbs planted as in the china bowls.

Hyacinths can be grown in water in special vases bought for the purpose. A small piece of charcoal must be placed in the vase to keep the water pure, and the water should almost, but not quite, touch the base of the bulb, otherwise it is likely to rot.

If you can afford it, you ought to grow bulbs in your own little garden. To make a "brave" show, do not plant them singly, here and there, in your plot, but in groups of several together. If you only buy a dozen it is much better to plant them in one group, leaving about 6 inches between each bulb, rather than dotted here and there all over your garden. It is a good plan to put a layer of sand in the hole before laying the bulb on it.

Sometimes it happens that Daffodils used the previous year are not worth planting in pots again. In this case they are best used in the lawn, but must be planted in such a way that they look "natural." To ensure this, take a handful of the bulbs, and throw them lightly on the grass. Wherever they fall they should be planted. Lift—but do not dig right out—a small piece of the turf, scoop out a little of the poor soil underneath, and partly fill with richer soil, place a bulb in the hole and press the turf back firmly, and in the Spring you will be delighted with the bulbs that at first seemed hardly worth planting.

P.J.

THE SECRET SERVICE BOY

BY LORD FREDERIC HAMILTON

EPISODE V

IN SUSSEX

"HULLO! young man," cried Ambrose, "I never expected to see you to-day. How did you know that I was back in London again?"

"I telephoned Evans, the porter," answered Mr. Davenant with a grin. "Do you know, it is rather dull at home now, Mr. Ambrose? Have you really got a new job for me?"

"I'm afraid not—but wait a bit. Do you remember little Miss Whitbread at Easthampton?"

"Of course I do. She was most awfully decent to me."

"Well, Miss Whitbread spoke to me about you last night. She thinks that you might prove useful in a case she is investigating. Would you care to work with her?"

"Rather."

"I'll just ring her up, and see if she is in," and Ambrose went to the telephone. "It's all right," he reported two minutes later, "Miss Whitbread is in, and will expect you. 192 Rossetti Mansions, Chelsea, is her address. How about going there now?"

"Right you are!" cried P.J. "I'm afraid that I'm bored stiff at home now, Mr. Ambrose, after all this exciting work. If one is a Secret Service man, it seems rather rot just playing golf every day in the hols, like the other chaps at Stonebridge; but then none of them are Secret Service men."

"They are not, small Towzer, as you truly say. How about going to Miss Whitbread's now? I don't know the number of the buses going to Chelsea."

"I do, though," grinned the youthful expert in transport.

At Rossetti Mansions P.J. found Miss Whitbread in a tiny flat, where everything was just as neat and dainty as she herself was.

"It is good of you coming here, Mr. Davenant," she said. "I know German fairly well, theoretically, but I don't pretend to speak it, as I have only learnt it from books. Now to you it is virtually your mother-tongue."

"I can jaw away in it as easily as in English, but that's all. It's easier to spell than English too, because you always pronounce it like you write it."

"Must I go on calling you 'Mr. Davenant'?" asked Miss Whitbread with a smile. "You are rather young for so long a name. What is your other name?"

"Jack."

"And would you be fearfully offended if I called you Jack?"

"No fear! I would think it jolly nice of you, Miss Whitbread."

"Listen, Jack, then. In four days' time the King is going to Portsmouth, and from a long chain of detached pieces of evidence, I am convinced that an attempt of some sort will be made on the royal train."

"I say, Miss Whitbread, is that really true?"

"None of my colleagues agree with me, but I sometimes have a sort of *flair*, a sort of police instinct, in these matters."

"Yes; I remember that at Easthampton you were sure that that conservatory had something to do with those sham-Belgian spies, and it jolly well had."

"Two cipher messages came into our hands written in invisible ink—if you know what that is?"

"Yes. Mr. Ambrose showed me. Formalin and lemon-juice, isn't it? And it comes out when you heat it," interposed P.J.

"Sharp boy! Quite right. Here is a copy of one of these messages; *Himmelfahrt—1 Kilometer Sud von Ziehenburg* (Ascension—1 Kilometre South of Ziehenburg). Now, what can that mean? My colleagues attach no importance to it. Old Mr. Galbraith, whom you have not met yet, but whom I should hardly describe as a brilliant genius, will have it that it is a perfectly harmless message referring to a proposed holiday in Germany at Whitsuntide, at a place called Ziehenburg. I have tried to find Ziehenburg on the largest-scale maps of Germany, and have failed. Did you ever hear of a place of that name in Germany?"

"Ziehenburg, Ziehenburg, no, never," answered P.J. absently, for his mind was elsewhere, and he was trying to recollect when and where he had recently heard that word *Himmelfahrt*. Suddenly it came back to him. It was on the Denes at Easthampton, when he had been at first an involuntary eavesdropper to a conversation in French, and later on an intentional eavesdropper to a conversation in German. He remembered now perfectly. The elder of the women—the one who called herself Mme Gérard—had said, "I should like to fix an immense bomb under this cursed island, and give it, and all its hateful inhabitants, a real *Himmelfahrt*" (*lit.*, "ride to Heaven").

"Do you know, Miss Whitbread, I don't think a fat lot of your Mr. Galbraith, because the German for Whitsuntide is not *Himmelfahrt*, but *Pfingsten*. *Himmelfahrt* means Ascension Day, but I don't think that they mean the Church Ascension, but the sort of ascension you get from a high explosive, because I heard Elsa Schmidt, or Mme Gérard, at Easthampton say something about it," and he repeated to Miss Whitbread what he had overheard.

"That bears out all my theories, and only makes me the more anxious. Now, Jack, we have simply got to find out what Ziehenburg means. Mr. Ambrose is quite right; without flattery, your thorough knowledge of German is invaluable to us. Stir your brains,

and tell me what Ziehenburg can be. Oh!—I wonder! They have some one working for them who delights in a rather childish trick of translating English names into a sort of dog-German. That man, or woman, puzzled us a good deal by writing about *Leberteich*, till we tumbled to the silly trick."

"*Leber*, liver, *Teich*, a pond," began P.J. "Oh! I see, of course, Liverpool. What a kid's game! *Ziehen*, to pull, *Burg*, castle—no, borough. What price Pulborough, Miss Whitbread? Pulborough it is as sure as a gun," and the Bradshaw expert began, "Pulborough from Victoria, 50 miles, junction for Petworth and Midhurst. We've got it, we've got it, Miss Whitbread!"

"Oh! good, sharp boy!" The door-bell of the flat rang. "That must be Inspector Hammond. We won't tell him that we've solved the puzzle, Jack. We will have a little fun with Mr. Hammond."

Miss Whitbread admitted a big, bearded man with a very genial manner.

"Have you met Mr. Davenant before, Mr. Hammond?"

"No, but I've heard all about him. So you're——"

"I know what you are going to say," said P.J. resignedly. "Yes, I suppose I am. Miss Whitbread and I are most awfully puzzled to know what Ziehenburg can mean."

"No one appreciates Miss Whitbread's abilities more highly than I do," said Hammond; "but with all due deference to her, I think that she is quite on the wrong tack in this case. Ziehenburg is some obscure place in Germany, and the message has no importance whatever."

"Then we needn't have bothered so to find out what it meant," observed P.J. cheerily. "By the way, Mr. Hammond, the King's train is going from Victoria to Portsmouth by Horsham and Chichester, and not from Waterloo by Guildford and Petersfield, isn't it?"

Inspector Hammond was unquestionably taken aback.

"Whoever told you that?" he asked.

"Well, I think some Germans did. Ziehenburg means Pulborough, and Pulborough is on the Brighton line, between Horsham and Arundel," explained the Bradshaw expert.

Miss Whitbread informed Hammond how they had guessed the puzzle.

"I have to apologize to you again, Miss Whitbread. You were right, and I was wrong, and not for the first time either. When can you go down to Sussex? I cannot possibly come till the day after to-morrow, as I am in the very middle of that Dovercourt investigation. This is really very serious indeed. Can you go this evening, and who would you like with you?"

"I can certainly go to-night, and if he will consent, I should like to take my young friend, Mr. Davenant, with me, and I think that he will be quite enough. Will you come, Jack?"

"You bet I will. I must go home and get some clothes first. What sort of a place is Pulborough, Mr. Hammond?"

"Pulborough lies in the valley of the Arun. Rather marshy wet ground round it; usually under water in the winter. Inclined to be a damp spot."

"Then if it is in flat marshes, I don't suppose there are any tunnels on the railway," commented P.J.

"A very shrewd remark! No, there are only two tunnels between Victoria and Portsmouth—one south of Leatherhead, the other south of Dorking."

"Any bridges?"

"The bridges are all guarded. Where shall you be staying, Miss Whitbread? I can't possibly reach Pulborough before noon the day after to-morrow, but as the royal train does not pass till after six, that will give me six clear hours."

"I and Mr. Davenant will be staying at a charming old inn at Fittleworth, a famous resort for artists. It is four miles from Pulborough, but I shall be in the middle of my sketching-ground there."

"I had no idea that you sketched, in addition to your other talents," said Hammond.

"I don't," answered Miss Whitbread with a smile, "but on these occasions I take a campstool and colour-box with me, as well as some sketches done by a very clever friend of mine. They are not quite finished, and I am just equal to dabbling on a little dirty water. The excuse is quite good enough for loitering about as much as one wishes to do."

"An excellent idea! This case could not be in more competent hands than yours, Miss Whitbread, so I can go off to Dovercourt without any anxiety—till noon on Friday."

"Mr. Ambrose told me, Jack," began Miss Whitbread after Hammond's departure, "that on occasions like these he usually advances you five pounds, of which you keep a rough account; and he also said that you did not mind dressing up as a little boy at times. Perhaps at Fittleworth it might be as well to do so."

"O crumbs! Did he really say that I didn't mind wearing that rig-out? I have done it, but I simply hate it, Miss Whitbread. Fancy a great hulking chap of sixteen, whose voice has gone down, being put back into shorts! I'm simply terrified to death at being seen in them by some one I know. Won't it do if I shove on knickerbockers, and go back to Eton collars?"

"That will do beautifully. The 7.20 from Victoria, Jack."

Bearing in mind Hammond's remarks about the Pulborough marshes, P.J. collected at Beechfield as many of his old football shorts, stockings, boots, and sweaters as he could find, and did not forget the powerful electric torch which Ambrose had given him after the expedition to Norfolk. At the end of two hours of very leisurely travel, he and Miss Whitbread found themselves in a most picturesque old inn in the charming village of Fittleworth in sleepy Sussex.

As they went down to supper, Miss Whitbread asked the landlady whether it would not be possible to change her bedroom.

"It is a very nice room," she observed, "but the

last person who occupied it must have used some very strong perfume. There is an overpowering scent of violets about it which I am sure will give me a headache."

"That must be the American artist who left this morning," answered the landlady. "I noticed that she used a very powerful violet perfume. Here is her name," and she pointed to an entry in the register, "Miss Héloïse Carroll, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A."

"I'm sorry, madam, it is the only room I have vacant at present. A very striking-looking lady Miss Carroll, though I cannot say that I admire red hair myself."

"Had she got great big grey eyes?" asked P.J., greatly excited.

"She had grey eyes, certainly, but nothing remarkable about them that I could see. She left by the 9.27 this morning."

"Bergen-op-Zoom!" was Mr. Davenant's singular comment.

As soon as they were seated at supper, P.J. whispered to Miss Whitbread,—

"I'll lay ten to one that the woman who had your room was Bertha Vollenhaupt. The red hair and grey eyes and the smell of violets gave her away. Please change rooms with me, Miss Whitbread."

Miss Whitbread thanked him, but declined his offer.

"I am more pleased than ever that I came down here to-night," she said. "Where Bertha has been, there is always some mischief afloat. We shall have to keep our eyes well opened to-morrow, Jack."

At breakfast next morning P.J. was shocked at the appearance of his companion. She was ghastly pale, with dark circles round her eyes, and could eat nothing.

"I knew that that powerful scent would give me one of my bad headaches," she said, "and when I have one of these attacks I am useless; my brain won't work. I'm sorry to break down at such a critical time," she added, the room being empty, "but my one chance is to try and sleep it off. The landlady is giving me another room as some people are leaving, and by the afternoon I may be fit for anything."

Mr. Davenant determined to explore the country on his own account, and took a little preliminary survey of it. Just below the inn there was a picturesque old mill, and the road crossed the little river Rother by a two-arched bridge. In the direction of Pulborough lay a level green stretch of marsh, its surface intersected by many gleaming drains and ditches. The branch line from Pulborough ran on higher ground just above the marsh.

"At all events I can practise long-jumping here," reflected Mr. Davenant. "It's a bore being so putrid at it;" and returning to his room, he arrayed himself in his very oldest football boots, stockings, and shorts, donning an equally ancient jacket, but retaining his Eton collar as a valuable certificate of youth. He had grown quite out of the shorts, so that they formed the most scanty of garments, yet the same inconsistent youth who grumbled so at wearing the highly respectable juvenile clothing

to which Ambrose attached such importance, exhibited cheerfully to the public an almost indecent expanse of bare leg and thigh without a blush.

He crossed the river by the bridge, as he determined to follow the branch line to its junction with the main line. Never before had P.J. come across so many ditches and drains, and never before had he enjoyed so much exercise. In spite of his defects as a long-jumper, he succeeded in clearing the first four or five ditches, only to alight plump in the middle of an extra broad drain, after which he, with the peculiar delight young gentlemen of his age experience at being wet through, splashed on his way, wading through pools and drains, until he reached the spot where the branch line joined the main line. The signal posts indicated a junction, and Pulborough town and station were clearly visible some three-quarters of a mile on.

"One kilometre south of Pulborough," that was three-quarters of a mile. P.J. looked at his wrist-watch—10 a.m.—then at the sun. At 10 a.m. the sun would be in the position sailors would designate as south-east by south. It followed that at noon it would be directly in front of him. "One kilometre south of Pulborough;" the words kept ringing through his head. Mr. Davenant pushed on, and came presently to a cut, or canal, at right angles to the river, ending in a square tunnel burrowing under the Midhurst branch line.

P.J. saw an elderly permanent-way man pottering over some job on the branch line. He clambered over the fence, and entered into conversation with the ancient.

"I know what you be after," said the venerable platelayer. "You be come after birrds' eggs."

P.J. did not deny the soft impeachment.

"Well, I'll not tell on 'ee," said the ancient, who began at once to complain of the increased price of all commodities since the outbreak of war.

P.J. took the hint, and a coin was transferred from his pocket to that of the elderly grumbler.

P.J. then asked what the tunnel was, and was informed that, before the "Rother Navigation" had been closed forty years ago, the tunnel had been made to cut off four miles of sluggish meandering stream.*

"The barges in them days used to come out of the earth most unaccountable-like!" said the ancient one, who went on to explain that the locks had been removed and replaced by brick walls.

P.J. inquired how long the tunnel was.

"About half a mile, coming out at Coldwaltham."

"Did it run under the main line?"

"Of course it did."

"By George!" reflected Mr. Davenant, "I don't suppose that Mr. Hammond and his men know anything about the tunnel. One would never spot it was there at all unless one went mucking about in those sloppy marshes, but I'll bet anything that Bertha Vollenhaupt knew all about it!" and he recommenced his questions.

"Could one get into the tunnel?"

* This tunnel actually exists.

The ancient wondered who would want to. It was half-filled up with mud, but perhaps one could get through it. That untidy-looking place opposite the mouth of the tunnel was where the deserted Hardham brickworks had been, and those corrugated-iron sheds had been offices. One had recently been let to an artist as a "study." What artists could see in the marshes was most unaccountable, but they were obviously foolish folk.

P.J. inquired of the old gentleman how far they were from Pulborough.

"You're standing three-quarters of a mile due south of Pulborough at this very minute."

Something in Mr. Davenant's brain kept on repeating, "One kilometre south of Pulborough."

He asked to be shown the exact spot where the tunnel passed under the main line.

"I'll show 'ee to an inch."

Mr. Davenant then transferred a second coin to the old gentleman's pocket and took leave of him. He paced the distance between the spot where the tunnel passed under the main line and the place where it debouched into the open water of the cut, and made a mental calculation, attempting to reduce the distance into feet. After this he descended to the deserted brickworks, and examined the corrugated-iron sheds which had been used as offices. One of these had been fitted with a strong new door, furnished with a stout exterior padlock. A rather decrepit canoe of the Canadian type lay on the grass beside the shed. P.J. then inspected the brick breast-wall at the entrance to the tunnel. He broke off a long branch from a willow, and climbing down the inner side of the wall, he sounded the depth with his stick. About two and a half feet, whether of mud or water he could not say; so being already wet through, he let himself drop into the water. It barely came up to his waist, and was composed of mud and water in equal halves, but he noted there was sufficient water to float a canoe. He then with some difficulty carried the Canadian canoe as far as the breast-wall, but found that he could not lower it unaided. Judging that there was nothing further to be learnt at present, he then started homewards, ridding himself of the mud which had accumulated about his person by the simple process of walking through the canal cut and of wading through the first few drains. By an equally simple method he rid himself of superfluous moisture by taking flying leaps over all the other ditches, and reached Fittleworth Mill in a state of exuberant animal spirits. He determined to continue his explorations, and followed the course of the placid little river.

He soon became aware of a spot of brilliant colour on the banks of the river some little way ahead of him. He was puzzled, until the spot of bright colour resolved itself into a boy in the long blue coat and vivid yellow stockings of "The Religious, Royal, and Ancient Foundation of Christ's Hospital." The "Blue" had a fishing-rod in his hand, and at the sight of that fishing-rod the whole of the Secret Service man dropped off Mr. Davenant, and the natural, human boy in him came uppermost. He ran forward,

to find that the Blue's line was hopelessly entangled amongst two stumps.

"It's no good," said the Christ's Hospital boy. "Some beast of a fish has been trying to make barbed-wire entanglements with my line amongst those stumps. I shall have to break it, and it's my last cast. It's awful hard luck."

"Here! wait half a shake," cried P.J. "I'm wet through already;" and stripping off his jacket, he splashed waist-deep into the river, and not only succeeded in a minute or two in freeing the line, but had the further satisfaction of seeing a medium-sized roach landed by the Bluecoat boy.

"I say, that's really most awfully decent of you," said the Blue.

"Oh! it's all right. I was wet through before. I say, my name is Davenant, and I'm staying at the 'Swan' at Fittleworth."

"And my name is Randolph, and I live here," answered the Blue.

"If you live here, you can tell me if there is any place where one could hire a canoe here."

"Oh yes! At the mill. They've got two or three canoes there. They're pretty ancient though."

"Have you ever been down the river below Fittleworth?"

"Never in my life. I've often been meaning to."

Mr. Davenant here lapsed into meditation, and turned the situation over in his mind. Get into the canal tunnel somehow he must, and he realized that it was quite impossible to get a canoe down that wall without help. Miss Whitbread would be useless here, for this was no woman's work. Neither was it man's work; men had such a ridiculous prejudice against getting wet and dirty. It was obviously boy's work. Surely Providence must have sent him the ally he wanted in the shape of this Bluecoat boy. How was he to approach the subject with Randolph? Was Randolph a chap to be trusted? One glance at his open and transparently honest face answered that question. But how the deuce was he, without betraying his trust, "to put Randolph wise," as Miss Sadie Maddison would have expressed it?

Mr. Davenant sat down on the river bank, and, to Randolph's astonishment, began dabbling his legs in the water.

"You seem to like the water," observed the Blue. "Isn't it beastly cold?"

"I'm only trying to wash some of the mud off my boots and stockings, and I can't possibly get any wetter than I am. I say, Randolph, you know that we are at war?"

"Well, of course I know it," said Randolph, puzzled.

"And chaps like you and me ought to do all we can to help."

"Yes; but there is so precious little they let chaps of our age do."

"If I tell you a real big secret, will you swear on your word of honour as a gentleman to keep it dark?"

"All right! I'll swear on my word of honour to keep it dark."

"Well, the King is going to Portsmouth the day after to-morrow, and these cursed swine are going to try to blow up the royal train close to Pulborough. A Scotland Yard detective told me."

Randolph's eyes grew as round as saucers.

"Rot! Aren't you trying to kid me?"

"I'm not. On my word of honour I am not. I'd swear it on the Bible if I had one here. But I think that you and I, if you will help me, can stop it. Look here! I've been poking about there this morning, and there's an old canal tunnel running under the railway opposite the Hardham brickworks. I'll lay anything that they are going to put their bomb in that tunnel. I don't suppose the Scotland Yard people know about the tunnel at all. Now, if you would help me, we could get a canoe into that tunnel and have a good look at it. Are you on?"

Randolph's eyes nearly fell out of his head at this vista of possibilities.

"By George!" he ejaculated; then after a time he added, "All right! You can chalk my name down too. I'm in it up to the hilt."

"Thanks awfully. You know my name—Davenant. I'm at school at Stonebridge, and my people live at Dulwich."

"And I'm Randolph. My people live here, and I'm at Christ's Hospital," he added quite unnecessarily, considering his dress.

"The lady I'm with is seedy, and has gone back to bed, so I'm all alone. Suppose you lunch with me at the 'Swan.' We can go on from there. I've got any amount of old footer shorts and stockings, and can rig you out if you can raise an old pair of boots. We shall both get into the most filthy muck. You mustn't say one word about this to your people."

"Of course not," answered Randolph. "I've got my bike at the mill, so I'll just let my people know, and be back at the 'Swan' in two ticks."

At the mill they learnt that there was only one canoe available, one being engaged for the week by two artists near Pulborough, and the third being out of repair.

Randolph, having taken down his rod and fastened it to the handle-bars of his bicycle, began looping up his voluminous skirts.

"I was wondering how you would manage," said P.J. "I see, you tuck your gown into your belt."

"It isn't a gown, it's a coat; and we say a girdle, not a belt. We call this dress 'Housey things.'"

An hour or so later, two very scantily attired youths issued from the "Swan."

"My word! we do look a pair of rum 'uns," commented P.J. "Fancy walking about London like this; but 'duty before decency,' as the bos'un chap in *Midshipman Easy* used to say."

P.J. had provided himself with a few candle-ends, and had brought his new electric torch with him. They navigated the canoe safely down the river, and arrived in time at the deserted brickfields opposite the tunnel.

"What do you expect to find in the tunnel, Davenant?" asked Randolph, "and what are we to do

when we get into it? I don't quite understand what you're after."

"I don't quite know myself. I told you that the enemy were going to try to blow up the royal train, and the tunnel runs bang under the main line, so that's where they'll do it. We must get into the tunnel and look about us."

The operation of lowering the canoe down the brick wall proved a complicated one, and when it was finally achieved both youths were coated with mud and wet to the skin, and were consequently, in accordance with the tastes of their age, in a state of extreme enjoyment.

They lit the candle-ends, and P.J. flashed his torch along the walls, revealing a row of those circular-headed iron screws known as "screw-eyes." Presently, as they glided through the darkness of the tunnel, a large staple driven into the roof came into view. P.J. stopped the canoe.

"Those Scotland Yard people were quite right," he said after a little thought. "That staple must be for a bomb, and those screw-eyes are, I suppose, for carrying an electric wire. I daresay that they have got a battery and a coil in one of those out-houses to fire the bomb with a mercury-fulminate detonator. I'm rather good at Stinks."

"But what are you going to do, Davenant?" asked Randolph anxiously.

"I don't see that we can do anything now, except to have a look at those sheds. We might, if you're game for it, come back here early to-morrow morning."

There was nothing to be discovered outside the sheds, which remained securely locked up, but P.J. noted that the canoe which had lain beside them that morning had now disappeared. In due course two amazingly dirty and dishevelled youths reached the "Swan," after having engaged the canoe for the whole of the next day. When, after a bath, they had changed into dry clothes, P.J. drew Randolph out into the road.

"Where could I buy some wire-nippers or a pair of good strong pliers about here?" he asked.

"I should think at Blank's, in Petworth. I'll lend you my bike if you like. You can't mistake the road to Petworth; it's marked on all the signposts."

"I'll tell you why I am so keen on this business," explained P.J., who, with his strong personality and his peculiar gift of making rapid friendships, by now completely dominated Randolph; "it is because the Scotland Yard people will be here at twelve to-morrow. Now if you and I can do it on our own before they arrive, it strikes me that you and I have rather scored."

"By George! we just *should* score," cried Randolph enthusiastically. "That would be grand!"

"Come to breakfast at the 'Swan' at eight o'clock, and we'll go down the river again. Perhaps there will be something fresh." And Mr. Davenant started off on his borrowed bicycle for Petworth, where he succeeded in buying a pair of most serviceable wire-nippers.

(To be continued.)

Plays from History

SUMMARY

[After nearly five hundred years (55 B.C. to 410 A.D.) as masters of the greater part of the land, the Romans were recalled to Rome to defend their own land from the invasions of barbarians from the east and north. These Goths and Huns gradually drove the Romans back, until each Roman subject was needed for the preservation of the imperial city.]

It was the Roman custom to form legions from amongst the men of the lands they conquered, and then, when they were efficient, to send them on foreign service. Thus British legions might be sent to fight in the Roman cause in Germany or Egypt, or any land which might show signs of disturbance.

So Britain was once again left to its own resources, with a civilization gained, but a fighting spirit lost. The Romans had made roads from town to town, had built walls across the country to keep back invaders from Scotland, had safeguarded the interests of their British subjects, but had sapped their manhood until the Britons were almost incapable of self-defence.

Houses of brick and stone, towns well walled in, luxuries of life, the arts of weaving, pottery, and working in metals had been introduced, but the art of war had been gradually taken away.

With the withdrawal of the Roman garrisons came the renewed attacks of the Picts and Scots from the borders to the north, and fresh forays by tribes of pirates from over the seas to the east. These pirates were Jutes, who came from what is now North Denmark, Angles from South Denmark, Saxons from North-west Germany, and Frisians from South-west Germany and the coasts of Holland and Belgium.

The Britons sent a petition to the Romans asking for help in their difficulties, but no relief was obtained. Later in the year 446 A.D., a second message was sent—this time to the Roman general Ætius—called "the groans of the Britons," so urgent was its appeal. This again brought no deliverance to the unhappy people.

Three years later a British chief of Kent, Vortigern by name, had the idea of playing off one enemy upon another, and offered the Jutish invaders who landed in his territory money and supplies in exchange for their help against the Scottish savages.

Hengist and Horsa came with large numbers of followers, and received the Isle of Thanet. Becoming tired of fighting for others, however, they demanded more land, and their request meeting with refusal they decided to change from servants to masters.

Indignant at this treachery, the Britons fought manfully to withstand the encroachment of the Jutes, and at the battle of Aylesford Horsa was killed. Peace followed for some time, but the Jutes returned, and after the battle of Crayford the whole of Kent was ceded to the victorious Hengist in the year 473 A.D. Gradually others came, and as the years passed by the Britons were driven to the north and west, and Anglo-Saxon kingdoms were founded throughout the land. The names still survive in Sussex (the South Saxons), Essex (the East Saxons), and Wessex (the West Saxons). Norfolk and Suffolk are other examples.]

PLAY III.—THE COMING OF THE SAXONS

CHARACTERS :

VORTIGERN, the British chief of Kent ; BERIC, a British officer ; HENGIST and HORSA, Jutish chiefs ; British Soldiers, Courtiers, and Ladies ; Jutish Warriors.

TIME, 449 A.D.

SCENE I.—THE COURT OF VORTIGERN

[Soldiers in Roman costume are standing about the hall ; VORTIGERN seated in the middle in an attitude of thought ; groups of courtiers and ladies scattered about are watching VORTIGERN curiously and whispering together. All appear anxious. BERIC enters and stands bowing before VORTIGERN, who looks up as the officer enters. The rest of the court begin to gather round as if to hear the news.]

Vortigern. Still that grave look, Beric. Have you any fresh news ?

Beric. None that is fresh, my lord, for the barbarians still draw closer each day, and soon we shall be fighting for our lives.

Vortigern. Always disaster ; wall by wall, fortress by fortress, they gain from us. These painted men cannot be stayed.

Beric. It was a bad day for Britain when the Emperor Honorius ordered the Romans to leave the land, for alone we are not able to withstand the attacks of the Picts and Scots. Some help must be obtained. The walls are broken down, and daily messages are coming telling of the destruction which these savages have caused.

[VORTIGERN rises and stands as if thinking deeply. A courtier turns and speaks to a friend.]

Courtier. Of what use are Roman walls and forts when there are none to defend them. [VORTIGERN, hearing the voice, turns his head to listen.] All the year round the Picts and Scots slay and burn : each spring brings fresh bodies of pirates to our coasts. The Romans did not care for us, or we should never have been left in this unhappy state.

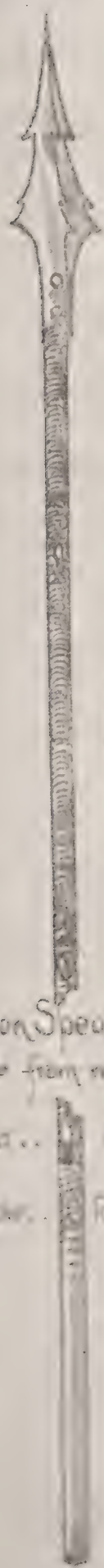
Vortigern. [Turning fiercely on the courtier] Shame upon you ! The Romans have been good friends to us, but they have now to defend their own land. [Pointing to the courtiers round and waving his hand.] Our forefathers would not have needed help to beat back the invaders, but ye have become lovers of luxury rather than war. Soft ye have become, singers of love songs, feasters, drunkards. Away with you, for the time calls for men, and ye have forgotten your manhood.

[The courtiers scatter and go out whispering together, occasionally looking back as they go. BERIC stands watching them until all are gone, and then turns to VORTIGERN.]

Beric. 'Tis true, my lord, many of us are men no longer ; for year by year the Romans have sucked our best blood into their armies abroad, and though they protected us, they have left us without the power or skill to fight for ourselves.

Vortigern. [Impatiently] Yes ; but a man of the poorest spirit would fight for his own home, and though he lacked skill, despair would make him an enemy to be feared. Rome cannot help us now.

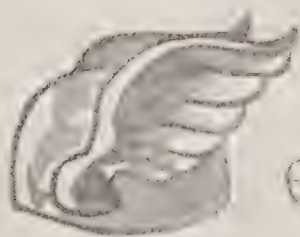
Beric. Our pleadings for help have remained unanswered ; and if three years ago it was true that the barbarians drove us to the sea and the sea drove us back to the barbarians, it is still more true to-day.



Saxon Spear
made from reed

Head.. 2 inches

Shaft.. to proper length

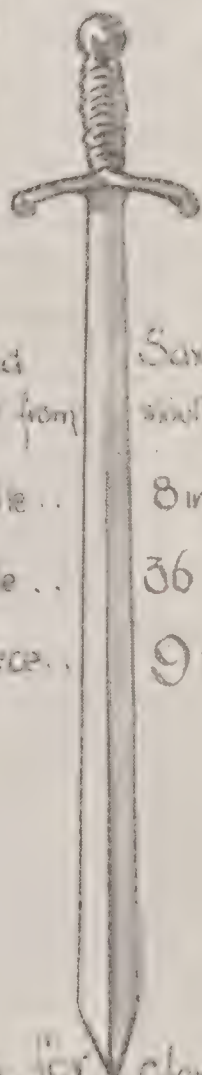


Saxon

Helmet

made from bowler hat and pair of wings

Saxon Shield made with two wooden hoops; crosspieces with
centre piece to raise middle
or
lid of tin basket.



Two handed
made from

Hilt..

Blade..

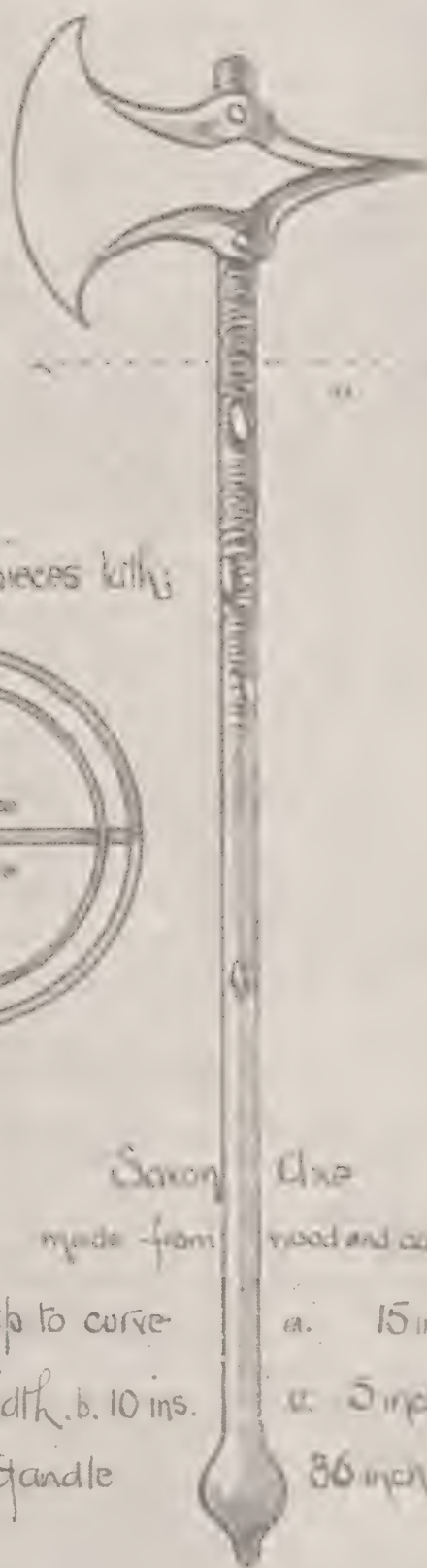
Crosspiece..

Saxon Sword
sharpened

8 inches

36 inches

9 inches



Saxon
made from

axe

wood and coal

Tip to curve

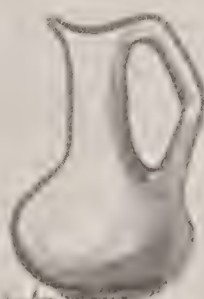
a. 15 inches

Width.. b. 10 ins.

c. 5 inches

Hilt

36 inches



Runny lines for clay models

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd. Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than September 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for September

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Which country would you most like to visit? Give your reasons.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a Red Indian, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

In the above illustration we have a sketch of Sir Edwyn de Tudor going to rescue his lady-love, the fair Isabella, who was held a captive by a neighbouring wicked baron. Sir Edwyn calculated that if he rode fifteen miles an hour he would arrive at the castle an hour too soon, while if he rode ten miles an hour he would get there just an hour too late. Now, it was of the first importance that he should arrive at the exact time appointed, in order that the rescue he had planned should be a success, and the time of the tryst was five o'clock, when the captive lady would be taking her afternoon tea. The puzzle is to discover exactly how far Sir Edwyn de Tudor had to ride, and at what rate.

(N.B.—All the working must be shown.)

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Suppose you are a dog. Write an account of a dog show to a dog friend.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a wheel-barrow filled with weeds, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

HIDDEN NAMES

The answer in each case is the name of a well-known writer. When you have found the solutions write the names down, and give a fact about each person.

1. A favourite breakfast dish.
2. A man-servant.
3. A railway junction in England.
4. A young domestic animal.
5. A church dignitary.
6. A metal.
7. Consumed by fire.
8. To have on loan.
9. A seaside town in Scotland.
10. A woollen garment.
11. A swelling on the toe.
12. A migratory bird.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION.

Write a letter to the Editress telling her about your baby brother or sister. If you do not have one, tell her about the baby brother or sister of somebody else.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a watch, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.



Prize List for July

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE

The pictures in this puzzle represented the following towns:—

1. Sunderland; 2. Gateshead; 3. Cowes; 4. Manchester; 5. Hull; 6. Oakham; 7. Buxton; 8. Flint; 9. Gravesend (Stonecross, New Cross); 10. Leek; 11. Rhyl (Brookland, Freshwater); 12. Huntingdon.

Prize-Winners.—Hilda Bourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge. Ethel Atkinson, Worsthorne Council School, Worsthorne, near Burnley, Lancs. Edna Gillespie, 191 Grimsby Road, New Cleethorpes, Lincs. Winnie Ruewell, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham, Kent.

Honourable Mention.—Margaret Skinner and Maurice Broad, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Eleanor Mackinnon and Gladys Marchant, Barnsole Road Girls' School, Gillingham, Kent; Ellice Blake, New Cleethorpes; Winnie Calder, Trinity, Edinburgh; Margaret Shuman and Hilda Stow, The Southfield School, S.W.18; A. Braithwaite, Denby Common, Derbyshire.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—M. Raillard, 27 Clayton Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Barbara Smith, 2 Houghton Road, Dunstable.

Honourable Mention.—W. Hewson, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W.18; Jack Douthwaite, No. 7 Hut, Hurstwood, near Burnley; Doris Lacy, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

WORD SQUARES

The solutions are as follows:—

(1)	(2)	(3)
M O N A	R E B E L	R E A L M
O M A N	E V A D E	E Y R I E
N A I N	B A D G E	A R E N A
A N N E	E D G E D	L I N E N
	L E E D S	M E A N S

Prize-Winner.—William A. Cross, Brookfield, Banfield, Co. Down.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Sheila M. Warburton, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Eric Winter, The Southfield School, Wandsworth, London S.W.18. Eveline E. Whitehouse, 26 Walham Grove, Fulham, London, S.W.6.

Honourable Mention.—Jean Summerfield, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham; Reggie Dunstan, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Edgar Lockley and Margaret Skinner, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

✦ ✦ ✦

"WHY don't you go to our church?" asked one little boy of another.

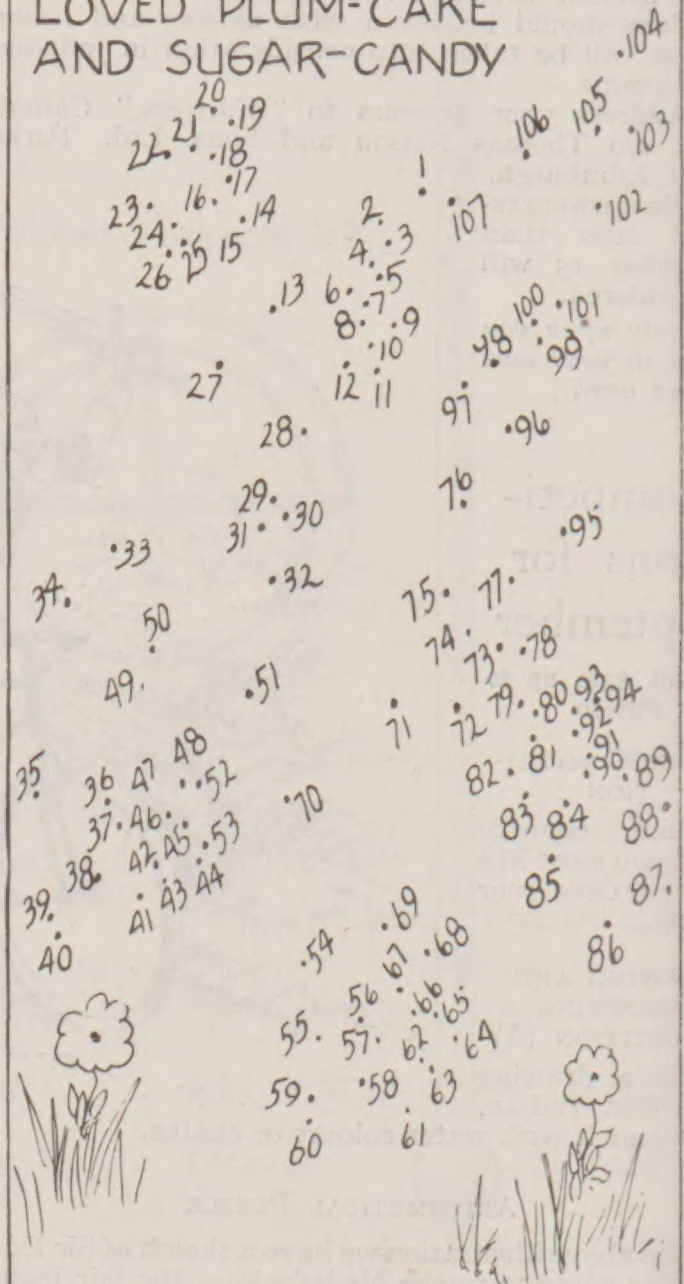
"Because we belong to a different abomination," was the answer.

"CAN you see me across the road, policeman?" asked the stout old lady, who was very nervous of the traffic.

"Bless you, yes!" replied the policeman. "I can see you half a mile off."

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE

HANDY-SPANDY,
JACK-A-DANDY,
LOVED PLUM-CAKE
AND SUGAR-CANDY



HE BOUGHT SOME AT
A GROCER'S SHOP,
AND OUT HE CAME
HOP, HOP, HOP.

Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.

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**CHILDREN'S PAPER
COMPETITION FORM. [Sept.**

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.

Name.....

Address.....

Age last Birthday.....